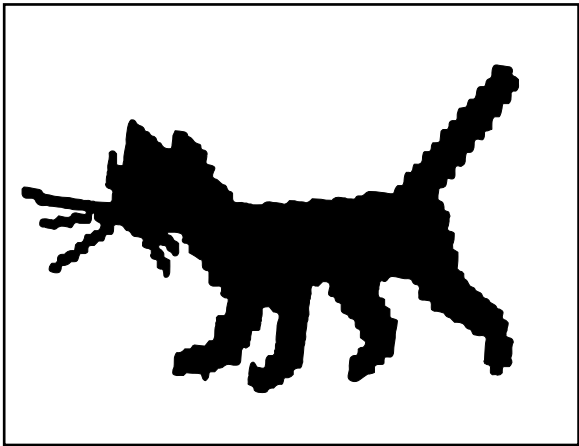


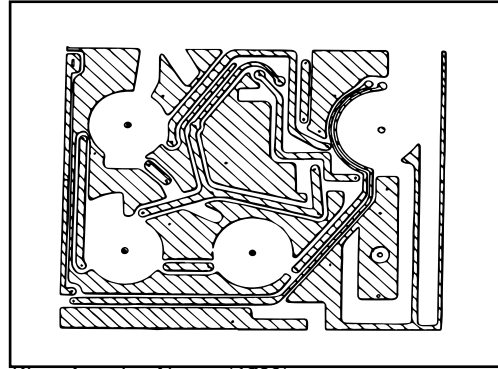
48"x40" Shipping pallet



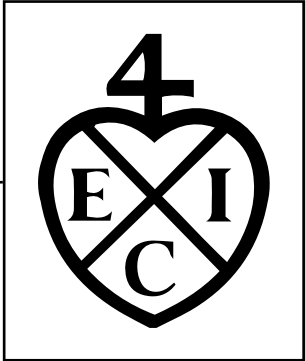
First edition of Kritik der reinen Vernunft



Courbet, L'Origine du monde (1866)



Klee, Angelus Novus (1920)



Postcard



Vincent van Gogh, Shoes (1886)

毛主席语录

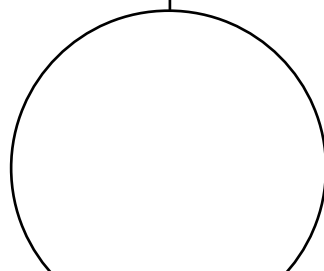
US dollar bill

A faint outline of affection floats among the reels,  
a breeze blown through sparks,  
a mother, a daughter, yes, an ice cream and sand ashimmer beside giggles and giggle and giggles, and, yes, beside giggles and tears, beside a child's shoelace abandoned to the swell, and tinned spaghetti, too, adrift in giggles,  
bobbing nearby and out,  
drifting to where a misty figure looks my way,  
her face a void,  
a void, a face.



Large format film

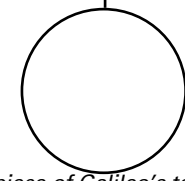
At the threshold,  
espying his shifting form,  
shrivelled, recumbent, unmoving,  
until a first stride delivers closeness, a second a smile, then a lurch to discern the glimmer of recognition caught beneath paling eyes,  
opening, closing,  
in a blink that dashes anticipations, that defies acknowledgement,  
a familiarity dissolving,  
to question who and what I am.



Genoese scudo

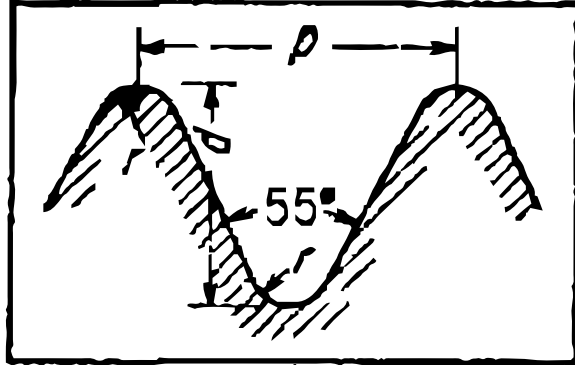


US government legal paper

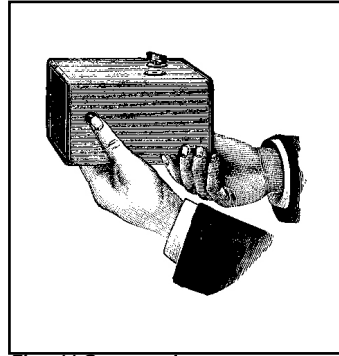


Eye-piece of Galileo's telescope

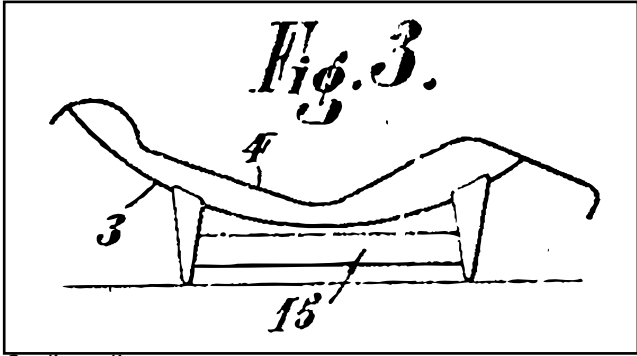
perhaps a new direction, a pivot to an unpredicted end whose tracks project to indistinction, their stygian contours eluding discernment in a course that promises neither pain nor pleasure nor advance nor regress but which glistens expectantly regardless, awaiting the blind investment of voyagers departing, anticipating a journey, or perhaps not,  
perhaps only a resumption, in a return to where things once lay, their outlines strewn still and suspended, unchanged, unworn, enveloped by the flow of elapsing years whose current laps softly at the lip of familiarity, leaving remnants neither shifted nor aged but cocooned upon islands of habit, each welcoming a visitors' return, to land as if nought had happened, as if home and ready to begin again, or perhaps not,  
perhaps merely another stride forward, an unconscious, unplanned footstep advancing along grooves worn deep, trudging through established furrows to progress the programme further, to sustain motion and reach a trajectory known, expected, yet vivid with proximity, its pocketed climax fresher upon nearness, spilling out to overwhelm, to engulf, or perhaps not,  
perhaps only an ending, in an even cessation beyond which lurks nothing, neither the silent auditorium post-performance nor the blank screen denied power, not the lingering index of past experience, whose false negativity flourishes unchallenged, nor life's apophatic other, greeted by pause, by absence, instead only the unevokable, unimaginable close that closes, a death, or perhaps not



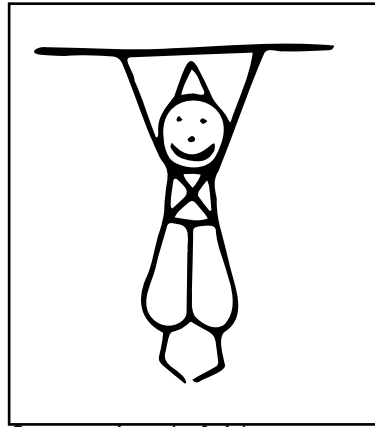
Credit card



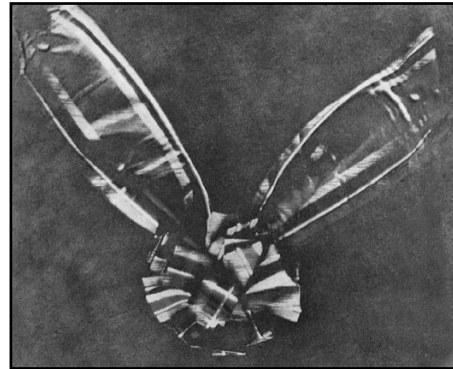
First U.S. stamp



Credit card



Common time clock ticket



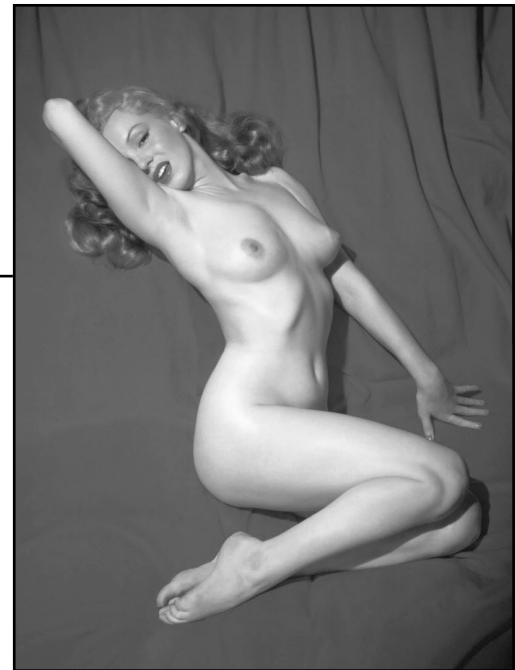
80mm medium format film

Digits clasp wordlessly warm,  
her breath, a simoom, rolls over barren chords,  
the impact of touch slumping neighbour to montage,  
calling ideas, affects, words, words,  
a fireside conversation,  
an acid smirched road map,  
a ruptured bin bag,  
and maybe homeland.



Playboy centrefold

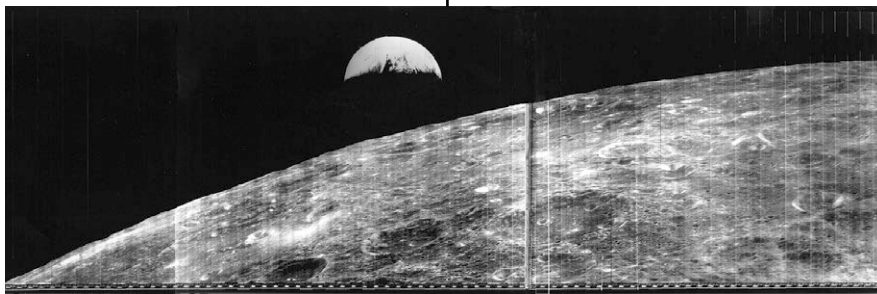
Through wrinkled brow a parent hides,  
bouncing beneath the rubble,  
a spectre ambling in fallow flesh,  
my palm greeting knuckles, cries building, a pulse hastening, atop waves of loss,  
to dip an ungloved hand into the reliquary of oblivion and return empty,  
catching convulsive goodbyes.



Join Your Country's Army

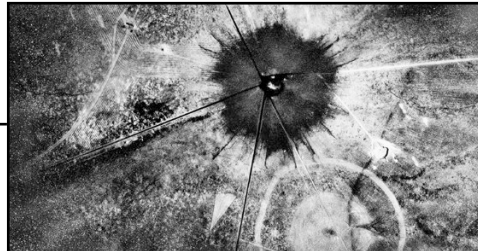


Large format film

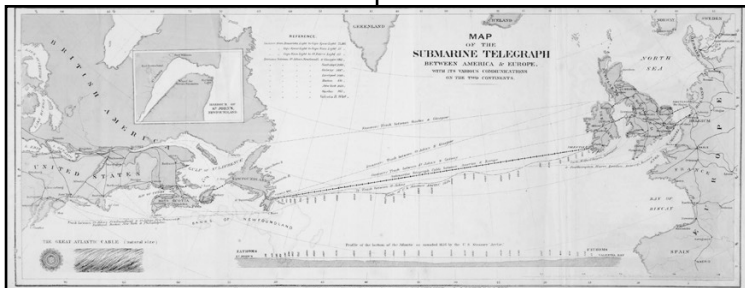


Commodore 64 PCB

Rembrandt, Self Portrait at the Age of 63 (1669)



European car number plate



Advertisement printed by William Caxton



13" Macbook pro screen